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Explosion Extraordinary.—The Liverpool and long forgotten people of Penmaquid and vicinity, left as a memorial of their love of society and acquaintance with civilized life, a canal evidently excavated for their convenience, and through the centre of their settlement, a paved street. Visitors to these remains are uniformly agreed that such marks of improvement as are still to be seen, are strong indications of the labour of civilized man.

Whatever may have been the fate of this settlement, is yet shrouded in uncertainty, and will probably never be known. Tradition, however, tells the story thus:—a part of the settlers being pressed by the savages, retreated to the island of Montserrat, and sustained themselves by fishing—that on a certain occasion, while the men were engaged in that business, the unfriendly wild men of the woods made an assault upon the island, and destroyed all the defenceless women and children, and waiting the arrival of the men, killed most of them as they landed; and that a part, by some means went to New Jersey. The probability however, is, that they all fell a sacrifice to the neighboring savages.

It is often inquired, who were these settlers, and where did they come from? With many other circumstances in relation to them, these facts will probably never be known. Many things, however, tend strongly to corroborate the truth of the tradition that the people were Germans. The Dutch say that and Dutch copper coins which were found, together with the manner of arranging their house lots, are said to give strong evidence of the national character of the inhabitants.

Subsequent settlements, though at a very early date, have been made at Penmaquid. As early as 1765, according to Sullivan's history, a settlement was effected, and possession held of the place about fifteen years; during which time a fort was built for the protection of the inhabitants.—This colony is said to have come from New York.

In 1692 a fort was built here by Sir William Phips, and called *William Henry*. But notwithstanding the protection of the fort the inhabitants were severely harassed by their wild neighbors, and in 1696 the French, with the assistance of Indians from Mount Desert, came upon them and routed the whole colony. More than twenty years after this the savage held undisputed possession of the place. 1718 the settlement was re-commenced. Through hunger, and cold, and danger, the few inhabitants for eleven years suffered the annoyance of the Indians, until a Col. David Dunbar, from Ireland, having obtained from the crown of Great Britain some title to the soil, repaired the dilapidated fortification and gave protection to the people. He changed the name of the fort to *Fort Frederick*, and called the place *Harrington*. He laid the plan of a city and commenced operations on an extended scale. It is said that on the repairing of the fort, the enthusiasm and joy of the people were so great at the prospect of being defended from their enemies, that in one day no less than a hundred rude dwellings were hastily thrown together. Each settler was allowed a city lot of two acres, and from forty to a hundred acres more remotely situated. The payment of "a pepper-corn annually" was the easy condition by which each settler should be secured in the possession of his premises.

In this vicinity decayed human bones and grave stones of long standing have been found. One stone faintly bore the date of 1646 roughly cut out.

Statistical view of Mexico.

The United States of Mexico formed their constitution in 1824, on the plan of our federal Union. The deviations were few and inconsiderable—19 States and 4 territories formed the confederation. A president was to be elected every four years, and could not be re-elected. A senate of two members from each State, and a deputy for each 80,000 population formed the congress.

According to that constitution, every man at 18 years of age became a voter; no other qualification being required.

Indians and Mestizoes, negroes and mulattoes were equally free citizens and voters.

The population of Mexico is at present about 8,000,000. In 1794, it was 5,000,000; in 1806, it was 5,500,000; in 1825 it was 6,840,000.—This population is divided as follows:—

1. Indians, 4,000,000.
2. Mestizoes, that is, descendants of Indians and Spanish, 2,000,000.
3. Creoles, Spanish descent, born in Mexico, 1,200,000.
4. Zambos, Indian and negro descent, and mulattoes, 600,000.
5. Negroes, 1,000,000.
6. Gachupins, or natives of Spain 10,000.
7. Estrangeros, or strangers, American English, French, Italian, &c., 15,000.

By the relative population, we perceive that Indians and Mestizoes form the bulk of the nation, and with equal privileges are sure to rule it at a future time.

They are at present, however, regarded with extreme contempt, and are by the whites often probrubiously denominated *inferiores*. The number of Indians remain nearly the same as when first discovered by the Spaniards, three centuries ago, and their manners and religion have been little affected by their white intruders.

The land in Mexico is generally much superior to that of the United States. Almost all the productions of other climes grow there in rich luxuriance.

The produce of maize is wonderful—an acre has been known to produce 200 bushels, and some stems are 20 feet high, with 5 or 6 large ears.

Wheat grows well only on table land, but there

it commonly yields 25 to 1. In the irrigated lands of Mexico, it has even yielded 50 to 1; while in Europe, only 10 or 12 to 1, is considered the average production; and the best lands in Kentucky yield only 22 to 1.

To produce 1,000,000 pounds of sugar, only 150 laborers are required, while 300 are requisite in Cuba and Louisiana.

The production of Coffee is still easier in Mexico; 20 men can attend 200,000 trees, which on an average produce 500,000 pounds. Cotton also, of a quality far superior to ours, can be produced in many parts of Mexico, in greater quantities by one third, than can be obtained from the best lands in Louisiana.

The silver mines in Mexico are perhaps inexhaustible; \$3,000,000,000 of silver have been drawn from them during 300 years past averaging \$10,000,000 per annum.

The first English mining company was established in 1823; there are now 10; English 7; North American 2; German 1. The business however has been unprofitable.

The great source of wealth in Mexico, is her eminently productive soil. All the productions of southern Europe abound there in the greatest state of luxuriance and perfection.

Horses, cattle, sheep, &c. of the finest quality can be raised at a trifling expense, the climate being remarkably congenial to their nature. The expense of winter feeding is avoided, there being no winter there; horses of the best quality can be obtained for 15 or 20 dollars per head.

The Mexicans have 1,000,000,000 acres of good land to be sold to colonists on six years' credit, at a few cents per acre. Any poor man therefore without a cent in his pocket, can purchase his thousands of acres of the very best land in the world, and from the productions of that land, if he be industrious, at the expiration of six years, find his payments all made, and himself independently rich.

Agricultural labor can be obtained throughout Mexico at the average rate of 25 cents per day. These low rates operate eminently to the advantage of the enterprising agriculturalist; but the consequence is, nine-tenths of the natives forever remain in the most abject poverty and servitude. Like the ancient Israelites, they sell themselves to pay their debts; a small debt of a few dollars often forces them into a servitude from which, in consequence of the high price of clothing, and the low rates of labor, they are never able to extricate themselves. Mechanical labor is mostly performed by foreigners, at \$2 to \$4 per day. Soldiers of infantry have \$1.25 cents per day, and of cavalry \$2, but they have no rations allowed them; they must therefore clothe and feed themselves, the government furnishing nothing but arms and ammunition. Their pay however is always in arrears, and very difficult to collect. They seldom receive any thing but clothing, charged to them at an extravagant rate, and that only when reduced to the last extremity. As to their food they are often compelled to borrow, beg or levy it by military contributions. The Mexican farmers are at this time in a very disorganized and turbulent condition, reduced to rags and beggary, without resources—their pay several months in arrears, and the national treasury exhausted. Such is the nation with whom the brave Texans are at war, and such the country they possess.

Traces of ancient civilization among the South Sea Islands.—Amongst the Caroline Islands, only six weeks' sail from Sydney, is Ascension, (about 11 degrees north latitude) discovered very lately by his Majesty's sloop of war *Raven*, Mr. Oug, now a resident of this colony, some years back remained there for several months, and we have our information from a friend, who conversed frequently with Mr. Oug on the subject. On the above-named island of Ascension the language of the inhabitants are more harmonious than in the other islands of the South Seas, a great many words ending with vowels. There are at the northeast end of the island, at a place called Tamen, ruins of a town, now only accessible by boats, the waves reaching to the steps of the houses. The walls are overgrown with bread, cocoa-nut, and other ancient trees, and the ruins occupy a space of two miles and a half. The stones of these edifices are laid bed and quoin, exhibiting irrefragable traces of art far beyond the means of the present savage inhabitants. Some of these hewn stones are twenty feet in length by three to five each way, and no remains of cement appear. The walls have door and window places. The ruins are built of stone, which is different from that occurring in the neighborhood. There is a mountain in the island, the rocks of which are covered with figures, and there are far greater ruins eight miles in the interior. The habits of these islanders exhibit traces of a different social system; the women do not work exclusively, as is the custom in other islands. After the meals, water is carried about by servants for washing hands, &c. Asked about the origin of these buildings, the inhabitants say that they were built by men who are now above (pointing to the heavens.)

Hobarttown Cour.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

It is generally acknowledged that girls educated at schools are seldom far advanced in learning. Where history and geography, and other sciences, are learnt by rote, a "page of Greece on Monday," a "page of Rome on Tuesday," a "page of Universal Biography on Wednesday," with occasional readings of the middle ages, of modern times, and application being made to maps, globes, charts, &c., to fill up the time which is not devoted to the fine arts (for it all goes on at once), the stock of real solid information which is gained by the end of the

year will be very scanty, or will probably have resolved itself into such a confused mass of imperfect information, that all practical benefit may be despaired of. No wonder if, after having undergone a course like this, a young girl is often found to have gained less from books than others have gained from vulgar report, and be puzzled to say whether it was Scipio or Washington who was the first President of the United States of America. They learn lessons, but they do not reason nor think about what they are getting by heart; and many girls whose education has cost them a large sum of money, are unable to answer a question of name, place, or date, in their geography or history, without first running over a certain portion of one whole lesson, the sound of which has left a deeper impression on the ear than its sense has left on the understanding. Just as, when wanting to ascertain the number of days in a particular month, we repeat the words, "Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November, February hath twenty-eight alone, and all the rest have thirty-one," thus recalling, by means of the jingle of words, what of itself had slipped our memories.

Girls so educated are very much to be commiserated. They live through that part of their lives in which the mind is most open to receive impressions, without any opportunity for exercising their powers of observation, till, at last, those powers fall into a state of inertness; and their education is finished without their having gained the least knowledge of what the world really is, or of the part which they are to be called upon to act in. Having had no intimate association with persons really well informed, it is no matter of surprise if they become conceited of their supposed attainments, or if they remain in ignorance of the fact, that a little music, a little drawing, and a very little French and Italian, are not sufficient to make an accomplished woman, and that merely going through the round of primmers will not, of itself, constitute what is looked for in a "good education." Nor is it, indeed, to be wondered at, if the home, which has been so cherished in recollection from one holiday time to another, fail to realize all the anticipations of pleasure and of happiness which the thought of it has excited. Its simple occupations are not of a kind to make them, as novelties, attractive to one who is only a fine lady; the want of capacity to fulfil domestic duties will, of course, render them rather disagreeable than otherwise; and it is but natural that young women who, during all the early part of their lives, have been unaccustomed to think of household cares, should entertain some degree of aversion to them, and feel dissatisfied when called upon to take a part in them. Many a father has repented that he did not rather lay up for his daughter the money which has been expended to no better purpose than to cause her to repine at the condition in life in which she must leave her. And many a mother's pride, in the fancied superiority of her daughter, has been saddened by the recollection, not only that her daughter was incapable of helping her, but that the time must come when that incompetent daughter would be left to take care of herself.

REMARKABLE MURDER AND EXECUTION.

We have been called (says the correspondent of the Boston Post) upon, within these few days to witness a second military execution. The felon who suffered death was a drummer, in the band attached to the "Maita Royal Penitenciers"—a native of the Island, and on the day when he committed the offence for which he suffered, he was in his twentieth year. He was an old offender, and had proper notice been taken of his former crimes, he would have been condemned to the galleys and his present victims escaped their deaths.

The crime of the young man was this:—He was attending the regiment school, and, having asked leave of absence, was refused on the ground that his excuse was insufficient. Without making any reply, he went some distance through two rooms and a garden, to the barracks, where he loaded a musket—returned the same way, with the piece in a firing position, proceeded within three yards of the schoolmaster, and deliberately shot him. But the most remarkable effects of this deadly shot is yet to be related. At the moment the musket was discharged, a boy was kneeling before the master, saying his prayers; when the ball unfortunately struck the head of the child, entering the skull to the brain, glanced off, passing through the arm of the sergeant, (or schoolmaster,) entering his left side, and, in a most extraordinary way, working itself round the back of the body to the right hip, where it lodged, and from which place it was extracted. The man lingered twenty-four hours, and in great agony expired. The child still lingers, without his senses, and without the least hope of recovery. The ball as presented to the court, had a curious appearance; and, although there were several present who had served at Waterloo, yet they all declared that he had never witnessed a bullet so completely flattened as the one before them.

After this savage murder, and in fact during the trial, the young man appeared wholly unconcerned as to his fate; and it was only when his death sentence was pronounced, that his fortitude failed him, and he gave himself up entirely to weeping and despair. From the time of his condemnation until the moment of his death, he was attended by two Capuchin Friars, who, it must be acknowledged, did all in their power to prepare him for eternity, and who, by his penitence as shown upon the gallows, appeared to have succeeded in their endeavors.

A little after daylight on the morning on which the execution was to take place, small detachments of soldiers were seen moving in different directions, to act on guard as circumstances might require. Half an hour afterward the different regiments with their bands were silently marching from their barracks to the parade at Floriana, at which place on their arrival they were immediately drawn up around the gallows to witness the execution. The last quivering sound from the bells of St. John had hardly ceased striking the hour of six, when the criminal made his appearance from his cell—but how altered, in the short space of twenty-four hours: the bloom of youth had left his cheeks, his eyes had lost their brightness, his legs bent under him, his head fell as if without life on his right shoulder, and it was only by the assistance of the Capuchins, that he was enabled to walk to the foot of the gallows, where he was delivered into the hands of the executioner. This fellow, who executes the dreadful sentence of the law, is a renegade Sicilian, who, many years since, was condemned to death, and saved his life, by hanging his accomplices. Having got all things ready and adjusted the rope about the criminal's neck, the executioner ran up a ladder, and gained an elevation some few steps above his victim. He then, by some machinery, withdrew the hurdle in which the prisoner stood, and at the same instant jumped on his shoulders, pressing down his head until the neck was broken. This appears an inhuman way, yet the person is sooner out of misery, as he seldom suffers more than two minutes.—In the present instance the young man died without a struggle.

The New York Auctioneers, some of them, are accomplished rascals as breathe—*ex gr.* the following reported case, from the Express:—

"A few days since a gentleman named Gardiner, of Hinsdale, Cataraugus county, came to the Police Office and made an affidavit to the following effect. On the 20th instant he entered the above auction store for the purpose of purchasing some shirt collars. Meanwhile the auctioneer put up for sale some cards of penknives, at, as Mr. Gardiner supposed, 25 cents per card, but in order to be certain, he inquired of Fields if that was really the price for a card. He was answered in the affirmative. Mr. G. then bid for 14 cards, which were knocked down to him. He also bought a gold watch and chain for \$37. The bill was then handed to him, by which it appeared he had been charged for the knives 25 cents each, instead of that sum per card. He was indignant at this attempt at imposition, and refused to take them. Fields and Crandell then attempted to intimidate him, by telling him that the laws were very strict on such subjects, and that they could imprison him if he refused to take the articles. Mr. G. finally consented to settle the matter by paying for the watch and chain and one card of cutlery. This was nominally consented to, and a bill was made out for those items, but which amounted to \$59.60 instead of \$49.60. This, however, not being discovered at the time, Mr. G. took out his pocket book, and presented \$58 in bills, and was about to pay the remainder in silver, when Crandell took hold of the bill of parcels and tore it to pieces. Mr. Gardiner then left the store, but returned in the afternoon with a friend, when a new bill was made out \$490. Mr. G. by the advice of his friend, refused to have any thing more to do with them, but repaired to the Police Office, on which the parties above stated were held to bail for defaulting him of \$55 in the manner described. Mr. Browning was also held to bail on Saturday.

Mr. Green. The season of lecturing may be said to have fairly commenced in this town; Mr. Cushing having opened the Lyceum with an Introductory Lecture, and the celebrated Graham having nearly concluded a course on the "Art of bettering one's self and others about one's eating and drinking." Mr. Graham expresses his regret that a man of his superlative eloquence should succeed so miserably in raising an excitement and getting up anti-dead-flesh associations, and attributes his bad success to the miserable intellectual and moral developments of the mass of the community. I am not disposed to question Mr. Graham's sincerity or his vanity. I consider him just as sincere in believing that his "system" is calculated to work out the bodily salvation of the whole human race, as he is in believing that he himself alone is capable of being the bodily redeemer of mankind. There is no good reason to doubt that he practises all that he preaches. I have no reason to doubt that he ate a raw cucumber as he would an apple without vinegar, pepper or salt, as he declared a few evenings since, and I have no doubt, as he further declared, that he found it delicious. Mr. Graham labors under the error of believing that the most wholesome nutriment is that which is provided by nature, for direct use, without any artificial preparation; and since we cannot live absolutely on the spontaneous productions of the earth, he advises us to approach as near it as possible. Now the truth is that Dame Nature takes no direct care of civilized man—for she is neither horticulturalist, nor harvester, nor miller nor a baker, nor a cook—she is utterly ignorant of all the civilized arts; and very wisely, therefore, leaves mankind to prepare his own food from the crude substances which she puts into his hands. She is the general provider of the coarse materials, and the farmer, the miller, the butcher, the baker and the cook are her domestic servants, who prepare the crude provisions for the general entertainment of our species. But it is better for us to use these productions as we receive them from the hand of nature, let us dispense at once

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with all the paraphernalia of the supper table, and when the hour of breakfast or dining arrives—let us assemble in the potatoe field, and let each individual seat himself orderly by his respective potatoe-hill, and there consume the bulbous roots, as he receives them from the dirty hand of Nature. What wise philosophers were many of us, when we were boys—and how singularly did we anticipate the "Graham System," when we used to eat raw turnips and artichokes, as we dug them from the earth!—Ah, Mr. Graham! let me not, however, be misunderstood as attempting to give an exposition of the principles of Mr. Graham's philosophy. Mr. Graham has inculcated a great many useful truths as well as many pernicious errors. Very many of his mistakes have arisen from his habit of balancing his own individual experience against the collected experience of nations and generations; he has too exalted an esteem of his own wisdom, and too low an appreciation of the philosophy of common sense. He thinks the majority of mankind are fools, because they are not philosophers; and mankind, on the other hand, consider him a fool on account of his philosophy. But, in regard to matters of diet, custom and experience are the best philosophy; and, in this respect, therefore, the common herd of mankind are better philosophers than Dr. Graham.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Paris, November 22, 1836.

RETURNS OF VOTES.

We notice that several towns and plantations have neglected to make returns of the votes given at the September election. Instances of such neglect occur every year, and we hope that the rigid enforcement of the penalty of fifty dollars imposed by law, will induce the proper officers to attend to this business. When the people have sacrificed their time and taken the trouble to attend meeting for the purpose of selecting their public officers, they may well feel indignant that their efforts should be wasted, and perhaps their wishes defeated by the negligence of those whose duty it is to make reasonable returns of the votes. No matter how honest and well meaning the town officers may be, they ought to be made to understand that they must either perform the duties of their office or pay the penalty.

We have published in this day's paper the returns of votes from the several States so far as we have received them. The latest accounts from Pennsylvania seem to leave no doubt of the success of the democratic ticket by a majority of a few thousands. From Virginia we have as yet received insufficient returns to feel positive of the result. The accounts thus far are not unfavorable. It is admitted by some of the federal papers that Van Buren's election may be considered certain if he gets Virginia. We shall probably learn the result before our paper is put to press.

In our own county we have received no additional returns since our last. In this State the majority will be from six to eight thousand. In New Hampshire the democratic vote will be still stronger. Massachusetts will go for Webster as was expected. Vermont for Harrison. We hope to be able in this paper to give our readers the means of judging whether Van Buren is elected or not.

In our last week's paper we commenced some remarks on some articles that have recently appeared in the Eastern Republican, relative to the control exercised over the Banks in this State by the allied Banks in Boston. We intended to have added that we have not sufficiently attended to the details of banking to be fully assured that, this Suffolk influence is wholly injurious to this State or whether it affects the Banks rather than the people. We do not know that it is beneficial to either, or if it is not, it is humiliating that we should submit to it. The length of the articles in question and the little interest that is felt in this county has hitherto deterred us from publishing them. We have no objection to making public the exposure of the injurious effects of the control exercised over our Banks by the allied Banks at Boston. We hope that the Legislature will give the subject the attention which it deserves, and provide a remedy for any evil which may exist.

Some fifteen or eighteen months ago when our whole State was rife with land-speculation, when thousands of dollars and tens of thousands were made daily on paper, by those who were engaged in this business, the more prudent foresaw or at least predicted, the pressure that must ensue in the money market when the bubble should burst—when money was to be substituted for promissory notes. That time has now arrived—the prediction is verified. The distress which was foreseen and foretold has been aggravated by an unfavorable season. But there is nothing so strange or calamitous in all this as to cause despair. The prudent and industrious farmers, mechanics and laboring men, who did not engage in the speculation, are laboring under no extraordinary pressure, for the want of money. They suffer no evils that can be accounted for only by supposing maladministration of the government—they see nothing that convinces them that the United States Bank ought to be re-chartered, or that it would be a wise policy to tax the necessities of life for the double purpose of benefitting the manufacturer and of raising a surplus revenue to distribute among the people. Honest industry finds ample employment and liberal rewards. If we are to be discontented until we arrive at such a state of things that all shall be rich and live without work, we must wait until after Harrison's election before our desires are all gratified. Nor have we reason to despair at the failure of a single crop, or an unusually cold season, there is therefore no cause for complaint, except with a few who may have been particularly unfortunate or imprudent. Neither a change of climate or of parties will gratify all our wants.

A Probate Court will be held at the Probate Office in this County on Tuesday next, being the last Tuesday in the month.

The latest accounts leave little doubt but that the Van Buren Ticket has succeeded in Virginia by a handsome majority. In New York the democratic victory is as decisive as was expected. Many of the opposition recently admitted that if Van Buren got Virginia there could be little doubt of his election by the people. We do not think there ever was much, and that little is removed by the later returns of the elections.

Maine Election.

The number of votes polled will be greatly less than at the last election. The Van Buren Electors are chosen by a large majority. In the Cumberland District Francis O. J. Smith is elected. In Penobscot and Somerset Thomas Daves, undoubtedly by a large majority. In Lincoln Mr. Cilley has been again defeated by the scattering votes, and also Gen. Marshall in Waldo. There is also no hope of any election having been effected in the Hancock and Washington District.

ELECTORAL VOTES.

YORK COUNTY. The returns of 18 towns give for Van Buren 2161, Available, 1369.—The Maine Democrat thinks the majority will be increased in the remaining towns to about 1300. Mr. Herrick, the Regular Democratic candidate for Register of Deeds, who was defeated by scattering votes in September, is believed now to be elected.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY. 24 towns give for Van Buren 4385, Available 3623. Present Democratic majority 1262! It will be increased a little by the remaining returns. Cumberland has done nobly.

LINCOLN COUNTY. 24 towns give for Van Buren 2030, Available, 1790. The remaining towns will increase the majority to something over 300.

OXFORD COUNTY. 13 towns give for Van Buren 1049, Available 507. Probable Democratic majority in the county 1200.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.		Van Buren.	Available.
14 towns in our last,	1807	1441	
Monmouth,	83	113	
Rome,	25	42	
		1415	1596

Present federal majority, 131.
SOMERSET COUNTY. 17 towns give 927 for Van Buren and 735 Available. The county will probably give a Democratic majority of one or two hundred. We have no means of judging whether there is any choice of Register of Deeds. Individuals whom we have seen from that quarter are of opinion that Mr. Clark the regular Democratic candidate, is elected.

PENOBSCOT COUNTY. 33 towns give Van Buren 2031, Available 1335. Probable majority in the county 1200.

HAZARD COUNTY. 11 towns give Van Buren 594, Available 511. In this County there will probably be a Democratic majority of about 250.

WASHINGTON COUNTY. 13 towns give Van Buren 854, Available 664. Present Democratic majority 190. Probable majority in the County 250.

WALDO COUNTY. Returns from 21 towns give for Van Buren 1494, Available 298. Present Democratic majority 1296. The four towns to come in will increase it to about 1300.

RECAPITULATION.

VAN BUREN MAJORITIES.	
York present major. 772 probable do	1300
Cumberland " " 1262 " "	1300
Lincoln " " 233 " "	300
Oxford " " 542 " "	1200
Somerset " " 182 " "	200
Penobscot " " 696 " "	1200
Hazard " " 83 " "	250
Hancock " " 190 " "	250
Washington " " 1136 " "	1300
Waldo " " 5166	7300

AVAILABLE MAJORITY.

Kennebec probable maj. 300
The above estimates are too low rather than too high. There is little doubt that Van Buren's majority will considerably exceed 7000. If a full vote had been thrown it would have exceeded 10,000.—Age.

Penobscot and Somerset District.—We learn from the Bangor papers that Mr. Daves's votes does not differ materially in the towns heard from in Penobscot County from that of the Democratic electors. It is probable, also, that but few scattering votes were thrown in Somerset County.—Mr. Daves is therefore elected by a majority of over 1000 votes. This result is auspicious.

Hancock and Washington District. 34 towns give Pillsbury 1036, Hobbs 1064, Scattering 631. The scattering votes are nearly all for Chandler. It is quite certain that no choice has been effected.

ALL RIGHT IN VIRGINIA.

The old Dominion true to Democracy.
The Journal of Commerce furnishes returns from 60 Counties, &c. out of about 110 in the State. In 40 of them, there is a Van Buren gain since the election last April, of 840. In regard to the other 20 we have not the means of comparison. In the whole 60 there is a Van Buren majority of 1302. The Richmond Enquirer puts down the State as sure for Van Buren.

In the 60 counties heard from Van Buren has 11023—10561.
In addition to the above we have in a slip returns from three more counties, which give 118 dem. majority.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The returns from Massachusetts show a very large democratic gain. In Boston, the votes stood for Morton 2894, for Everett 4772—being a net democratic gain of 697. In nine other towns in the vicinity of Boston, the votes are for Morton 2340, Everett 2396—being a net democratic gain of 1481. The Post says:—
Mr. Parmenter is undoubtedly elected to Congress in No. 4, and Mr. A. H. Everett in No. 9—in No. 2, the contest between Mr. Ca-

bot, democrat, and Phillips, federalist, will be a close one—the democratic Senatorial ticket, we think, is elected in Essex.

NEW YORK.

Returns from 38 counties give Van Buren 27479 majority, being a democratic net gain since 1834, over 7000. The remaining 17 gave an aggregate federal majority in 1832, of 6449. The majority for Governor in 1834 was still less being 6318. Van Buren will have from 20,000 to 25,000 in this State.

The New York Times says of the election in that city:—
"The probability is, that the regular Democratic ticket has carried 7 members, to the opposition's 6. Messrs. Cutting, Clinch, Tucker, Hertell, and Stoneall are certainly elected.—Mr. Talmadge has 101 votes with the name slightly varying, but which were no doubt intended for, and will be awarded to him; and Mr. Valentine has 71 of a similar kind, which, if allowed, will secure their election.

OHIO.

We have returns from 36 counties in which the federal majority is 5557, being a federal gain of 436 since October. Some of the more sanguine democratic papers claim Ohio for Van Buren—our opinion is she has gone for Harrison. It would be indeed strange if he did not carry his own State.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The federalists give up Pennsylvania. Our friends claim a majority of the Convention, and 4500 majority for Mr. Van Buren.—[Portland Argus, Nov. 16.

From the Tusculum (Al.) Flag of the Union.

Removal of the Creek Indians.—We are permitted to make the extract, which the reader will find below, from a late communication of General Jessup to Gov. Clay. It contains the pleasing intelligence that the Creek war is not only at an end, but the Creek Indians have all been removed, or are on their way, west of the Mississippi, except the warriors who have gone to Florida, to assist in the campaign against the Seminoles, and their families who only await their return. What a change in the situation of those people, and the state of Alabama in a few short months! Four months ago we had more than 20,000 Creek Indians within our limits, and several thousand of their warriors were said to be in arms against us: and others likely to join them. In two or three weeks from that period, the hostile party had become the prisoners of our army—some of them surrendered to the civil authorities, and the remainder ready to march west of the Mississippi. The plan of emigration, the only means of avoiding the recurrence of similar outbreaks amongst these untutored and ungovernable savages, was now urged with suitable skill and energy by Gen. Jessup, and such have been the results. We have certainly had the last Creek war—probably the last Indian war—on this side of the Mississippi, and our free white population may be considered the sole possessors of the entire country, within our chartered limits.

Have not these results established the judicious and energetic policy of Gov. Clay, in calling out an overwhelming force at once? The course pursued has been more economical too, in treasure as well as blood. The campaign will cost little money, compared with what it would have done, if half the number of troops had been kept in the field five or six months. But the most gratifying, and unusual feature of the campaign, is that our triumphs were bloodless—or very nearly so. We believe only two or three lives were lost by wounds received in battle; and we have heard of but one death by disease, amongst the whole of the Alabama troops, consisting of 2,560 or 3,000 men! This has been ascribed by Gen. Patterson (no doubt correctly, in a great degree) to the excellence of the provisions furnished by Gov. Clay's contractors.

The extract from Gen. Jessup's letter is as follows:—
"About 14,000 Indians have been put in motion to the west since the 20th of Aug. All have gone except the families of the warriors, who have gone to Florida—they, with the warriors, may number, perhaps 4,500. 2,700 hostile Indians were sent to Arkansas, and confined in jail, in July. More than a hundred warriors have been killed, and perhaps a hundred men, women, and children have escaped to Florida. These, with the 1,200 taken off under the superintendence of Capt. Page, a year or two ago, will account for the whole nation, within two or three hundred—that number I am induced to believe will be found in the Cherokee country."

From Tampa Bay.—The steamer Meridian arrived at this place from Tampa Bay on Monday last. There had been no fighting in that quarter since our former dates. The detachment of friendly Indians which had been sent out to hold a talk with the hostiles, and induce them to come to terms without further fighting, or in other words, with a proposition to the Seminole Chiefs, to buy them up,—had returned to Tampa, without having been able to effect anything. Harjo, the head of the detachment, reports that he found the Chiefs of the Seminoles in a hammock within the Withlacoochee Swamp, which was surrounded on all sides by deep morasses, ponds and an almost impenetrable underbrushwood, with, as he calculated, about 2500 of their people, men, women and children. On the proposal being made to Oseola to lay down his arms and retire to the westward, the reply was firmly and decisively—"Never—the land is ours, and we will die on it." They boasted of having beaten off other armies of the whites, and speak confidently of their ability to withstand the present preparations against them.

The U. S. steamer Gen. Izard, in attempting to ascend the Withlacoochee, with supplies for the depot, got aground at the mouth of the river, with her bows on the bank on the one side of the channel, and her stern on the other, and eight feet of water in the middle of the channel. In this awkward position they remained till the tide went out, when her cent e timbers gave way and she broke down. Her stores, being mostly wet, it is supposed will be saved.

How she came to get into this awkward position, seems to be not well understood. It is said that she was made fast over night by bow and stern line; and in the morning it was found that her bow line had been loosened; and that she had floated round into the position above stated. Now the manner of its getting loose is the question; and as the officers and hands know nothing at all of the matter, it is reasonable to suppose that the Boat untied herself!—It is even thought by some that she disliked the Withlacoochee, and that she disliked the Indians, and preferring to have nothing to do with them, determined upon a retrograde movement, as many honest men had done before her.—But in turning, she met with the accident stated. This however, must be mere slander, and we only allude to it for the purpose of showing what wild vagaries will spring up in the imagination, when it is started by mysterious circumstances.

Gen. Call, it is understood, is at the depot, with the Tennessee troops, and the militia from middle Florida; but as usual, destitute of subsistence; horses without corn and men without bread. And as the Gen. Izard, which carried their expected supply, has been run aground as above stated, how long they will remain destitute, is quite uncertain.

Apalachicola Gazette.

Religious faith of Napoleon Bonaparte.—Napoleon had declared his resolution to die in the faith of his fathers. He was neither an infidel, he said nor a philosopher. If we doubt whether a person who had conducted himself towards the Pope in the way which history rewards Napoleon, who had at one time been excommunicated, (if, indeed, the ban was yet removed,) could have been sincere in his general professions of Catholicism, we must, at least, acquit the exile of the charge of deliberate Atheism. On various occasions, he expressed, with deep feelings of devotion, his conviction of the existence of the Deity, the great truth upon which the whole system of religion rests; and this at a time when the detestable doctrines of atheism and materialism were generally current in France. Immediately after his elevation to the dignity of first Consul, he meditated the restoration of religion; and thus, in a mixture of feeling and policy, expressed himself upon the subject to Thibodeau, then a counsellor of State. Having combated for a long time the system of modern philosophers, upon different kinds of worship, upon deism, natural religion, &c. he proceeded:—"Last Sunday evening in the general silence of nature, I was walking in these grounds of Malmaison. The sound of the church bell of Ruei fell upon my ear, and renewed all the impressions of my youth. I was profoundly affected, such is the power of early habits and associations; and I considered if such was the case with me, what must not be the effect of such recollections upon the more simple and credulous vulgar? Let your philosophers answer that. The people must have a religion." He went on to state the terms on which he would negotiate with the Pope, and added, "They will say I am a papist—I am no such thing. I was a Mahomedan in Egypt—I will be a Catholic here, for the good of the people. I do not believe in forms of religion, but in the existence of God!" He extended his hands towards Heaven—"who is it that has created all above and around us?" This sublime passage proves that Napoleon, unfortunate in having proceeded no farther towards the Christian shrine, had at least crossed the threshold of the temple, and believed in and worshipped the Great Father of the Universe.—Scott.

NEWSPAPERS. Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper and amply remunerated is the patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the Gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter fifty-two times a year, without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off at school should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my school-mates who had, and those who had not, access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain; they had command of more facts. A newspaper is a history of current events, as well as copious and interesting miscellany which youth will peruse with delight when they will read nothing else.—Judge Loufstreet.

A SMALL SOUL.

A biped, who has grown to the stature of a man, was addressed in the following manner, by a gentleman who had been transacting some business with him:—
"You claim to be a human being! Why, sir, if you have a soul, ten thousand of its size would have more room in the shell of a mustard seed than a frog in the Pacific ocean. Nay, more ten thousand souls like yours might colonize on the point of a cambric needle, and live for fifty years, increasing in a ratio equal to the Irish peasants; and should they then have civil war, the vanquished party would have mountains and valleys to retreat to, ten days journey off—Why, man, neighbor Grapes's soul is as much

larger than yours as a saw mill log is larger than the thread of a spider's web; and his can hardly be discerned by the aid of a microscope that magnifies a million of times!" Nonentity, where are thy children?"

This same biped was a batter, and actually tried the experiment of ascertaining how many heavier bats he could make from one mouse skin. It is said he would make two dandy hats from the skin of a good fat flint, and two boys hats from the skin of a bed bug. This goes ahead of the steam doctor, who said he could make two young men out of an old one, and have enough left to make a Newfoundland dog.—Wooden nutmegs and cucumber seeds, speak now, or forever hold your peace.

A great blow up.—The two most fashionable fancy goods dealers in New York—Venables and Pemberton—have been found out. Pemberton ran off—his store was searched and proved to be empty. It was ascertained that his clerk had opened a new shop in another part of the city—his goods were examined by Pemberton's creditors, and found to be composed principally of articles that they had sold to P. Suspicious was then fixed upon Venables—his stock was overhauled, and \$15,000 worth of the Pemberton property found among them!—The officers are after Pemberton—the Clerk is in Bridewell, and Venables is at large on bail—all Englishmen, and report says, not unknown to fame in the wild country.

Vertues of the Yarrow.—The yarrow, an herb that may be found in every field, is one of the most valuable remedies for all affections of the kidneys that can be found in the whole catalogue of curative medicines, and it is equally salutary in incipient affections of the piles, and also in cases of the erysipelas. The mode of preparing it is this:—Put one half pound of the flowers into half a gallon of spring water, boil them for ten minutes, strain, cool, and bottle the decoction, adding to each bottle full, one ounce of refined salpeter, and a gill of cold cognac brandy. A wine glass full to be taken fasting in the morning, another at noon, before dinner, and a third one on going to bed at night.

DIED.

In this town, on last Sabbath evening, Miss Harriet Ryerson, daughter of Mr. George Ryerson, aged 28.—She was a member of the Methodist Church, and universally esteemed for her exemplary conduct and fervent piety. She died as a christian should die—rejoicing in the prospect before her, and exclaiming to those around at the last moment, "Be ye also ready."—Comm.
In Bethel, Oct. 30, Moses Mason, Esq. aged 80 years. He was a patriot of the Revolution, and at the battle of Bennington. He removed into this town when it was but little more than a wilderness. He was liberal in his views, generous in his feelings and unwavering in his principles, which were radically democratic, from the dawn of manhood to the close of life he was always found advocating the principles he fought to defend.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber, being about to emigrate to the west, would most respectfully request those indebted to him to call and settle their accounts previous to the first of January next, and save expense.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a note for twenty dollars and interest, given by me to Thomas Calder, dated 20th Nov. 1835, payable in one year from date, as I have received no value therefor and shall not pay it.

CAUTION.

THE subscriber gave his note of hand to John Farrington of Andover, sometime in May last for the sum of forty-five dollars, and interest, payable in one year; no consideration having been received therefor the payment will be resisted by all legal means.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

OF almost every description now on hand and for sale by the subscriber at the Oxford Bookstore.—Just added, The Young Bride at Home. Campbell's Grammar, an excellent work for new beginners, wholesale or retail. Singing Books, various kinds. Well enough for the Vulgar, No. 12, of Sergeant's Temperance Tales. W. E. GOODNOW. Norway-Village, Nov. 14, 1836. 3w13

FOR SALE.

BY the subscriber, one Share in the Norway Social Library, cheap. W. E. GOODNOW. Norway-Village, Nov. 14, 1836. 3w15

Best Backs & Slides.

A elegant assortment, from two shillings to \$2 each, A just received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, together with an elegant assortment of fine gold and silver jewelry. W. E. GOODNOW. Norway-Village, Nov. 21, 1836. 3w15

WELSH'S SPINNING WHEEL.

A CARD.—We the undersigned hereby certify, that we have examined a saw mill situated on the Saco river in this town, which has had three wheels of different descriptions in use in it with very little success, not exceeding from fifty to sixty cuts in a minute at the best pitch of water, that said mill has been improved by Mr. Thomas Chase, by introducing the above named wheel for sawing, running back the carriage, and hauling in logs, that at the time we saw it there was three feet two inches head and fall of water, the saw then cut one hundred and ten times in a minute, and we have no doubt but that, four feet and a half head and fall, would increase the speed to from one hundred and twenty five to thirty five cuts per minute, the other two wheels (for moving the carriage and hauling logs) operate with astonishing power and speed, in short we cheerfully say that this mill as improved by Mr. Chase, far exceeds our most sanguine expectations, or anything in water power we have yet seen, and think the above wheel a valuable improvement in mills, and highly worthy the patronage of the public.

Amos Post. James Osgood. James Walker. John W. Dana. Rensel Barrows. Luther P. Pingree. B. H. Gilbreth. Samuel Osgood. John Hatch. Fryburg 4 Nov. 1836. 6w16.

R. E. Robinson,
DEALER IN
W. I. GOODS, GROCERIES,
AND
Country Produce.
Fore Street, opposite Head Central Wharf.
PERSONS desirous of obtaining good bargains will find it an object to call.
Portland, Oct. 11, 1836. 3m16

ASPIRATIONS AFTER NATURE!

BY CHAS. W. THOMPSON.

"O! for the hills—the hills!"—William Tell.

I'm weary of the ways of men,
Their thousand arts and heartless wiles,
I long to see the wood and glen,
Where nature in her beauty smiles.
Let those who can, in crowded haunts
The joys of life concentrate;
Be mine the scene that more enchants—
The hills—the hills for me!

Falsehood and treachery pervade
The spot where trade her seat maintains,
And crafts the human soul degrade,
Unknown amid the woods and plains—
Man on the mountain tops may stand,
From social vices nobly free,
Nor see the curse that blights the land—
The hills—the hills for me!

Where'er I turn—where'er I gaze,
Some touch of mystery meets the eye,
And pride and folly's altars blaze
With victims they have caused to die—
The heart will sicken at the sight
Of many a life that needs more rest—
And longs to take a lasting flight—
The hills—the hills for me!

Who would forego the rapturous joys
That nature to the soul can bring,
For all the riot that destroys
The brightest gloss on pleasure's wing?
Who would in fashion's heartless chain,
Enthral a soul by nature free,
When freedom walks the upland plain?
The hills—the hills for me!

There morning opens her dewy eye
O'er fields, where every floweret vies
In offering to the summer sky
Odours that breathe of paradise;
The glow of pure and fresh delight
Is seen in every verdant tree;
O! freedom loves her mountain throne—
The hills—the hills for me!

The voice of liberty is heard
In every river's rushing fall,
It warbles with the sportive bird,
And echoes to the eagle's call.
The grove speaks soft its mystic tone,
When winds sweep by in summer glees:
O! freedom loves her mountain throne—
The hills—the hills for me!

'Twere sweet, my friend, to wander far
With thee, beyond the haunts of men,
And hail the evenings princely star,
As hunters of the woodland glen—
The mental brightness of thine eye,
In liberty's hall blaze to see,
And hear thee raise the exulting cry,
The hills—the hills for me!

To art's proud temples then farewell!
To scenes of busy toil adieu!
The wilderness no tale can tell
Of wretchedness and wrong like you—
Beneath your sway the mint must bloom,
Debased—degraded—all but free—
The wild wood walls are man's true home—
The hills—the hills for me!

From the United States Gazette.

AUNT MARY.

Since sketching character is the mode, I too take up my pencil—not to make you laugh, though peradventure to put you to sleep.

I am a tolerably old gentleman—an old bachelor, and what is still better, an unpretending and sober-minded one. Lest, however, any of you ladies should take exception against me in the very outset, I will merely remark en-passant, that a man can sometimes become an old bachelor, because he has too much heart, as well as too little.

Years ago, before any of you ladies were born, I was a little good-for-naught of a boy, of precisely that unlucky sort, who are always in every body's way—and always in mischief. I had, to watch over my upbringing, a father and mother; and a whole army of brothers and sisters, as I have before insinuated. I was a sort of a family scape-grace among them, and one on whose head all domestic trespasses were regularly visited, either by real desert or by imputation. For this order of things, I confess, there was a solid and serious foundation in the constitution of my mind. Whether I was born under some cross-eyed planet, or whether I was fairly stricken in my cradle—certain it is, that I was a sort of "Murder the unlucky," an out of time, or out of place sort of boy, with whom nothing prospered. Who always left doors open in cold weather? It was Henry. Who was sure to overset his coffee cup at breakfast—or knock over his tumbler at dinner, or to prostrate the salt-cellar, pepper-box and mustard pot, if he only happened to move his arm? Why Henry. Who was plate-breaker general to the family? It was Henry. Who tangled mama's silks and cottons, or tore up the last newspaper, or threw down old Phoebe's clothes horse with the clean ironing thereupon? Why Henry.

Now all this was no malice prepossession in me. I really believe, I was the best natured child in the world—but something was the matter with the attraction of cohesion, or the attraction of gravitation, with the general dispensation of matter around me—that let me do what I would, things would fall down or break, or be torn or damaged if I only came near them; and my unluckiness seemed in exact proportion to my carefulness in any matter.

If any body in the room with me had a headache, or any kind of nervous irritability, which made it particularly necessary to be quiet, and if I was especially desired to be so, I was sure, while stepping round on tip-toe, to fall headlong over a chair, which would fall upon the shovels, which would fall upon the toizes, which would animate the poker, and altogether would set in action two or three sticks of wood, and down they would all come with a racket, that showed they were disposed to make as much of the opportunity as possible.

In the same manner, any thing that came into my hands or was at all connected with me, was sure to lose by it. If I appeared in a clean apron in the morning, I was sure to make a full length prostration thereupon on my way to school, and come home nothing better, but rather worse. If I was sent on an errand, I was sure to lose my money in going, or my purchase in returning; and on these occasions my mother would often comfort me with the reflection that it was well my ears were fastened to my head, or I would lose them too. Of course I was a fair mark for the exorbitant powers not only of my parents but of all my aunts, uncles and cousins to the third and fourth generation, who ceased not to reprove, rebuke and exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. All this would have been very well, if nature had not gifted me with a very unnecessary and uncomfortable degree of feeling, which, like a refined ear for music, is undesirable, because in this world it meets with discord ninety-nine times, when it meets with harmony once. Much therefore as I had occasion to be scolded at, I never became used to scolding, so that I was just as much galled by it the forty-first time as the first. There was no such thing as philosophy in me. I had just that unreasonable heart which is not confirmed into the nature of things, neither indeed can be. I was timid, shrinking and proud. I was nothing to any one around me, but an awkward unlucky boy, and was nothing to my parents but one of a half a dozen children, whose faces were to be washed and stockings mended on Saturday afternoon. If I was very sick, I had medicine and the doctor. If I was a little sick I was exhorting to patience; and if I was sick at heart, I was left to prescribe for myself. Now all this was very well. What should a child want but meat and drink and room to play, and somebody to take care of him when he was sick? Certainly nothing. But the feelings of grown-up children exist in the minds of little ones oftener than is expected, and I had even at that early age, the same keen sense of all that touched the heart wrong, the same longing for something which should touch it right, the same discontent with latent matter of covert affection, the same craving for sympathy, which has been the unprofitable fashion of the world in all ages. And no human being possessing such constitutional, has a better chance of being made unhappy by them than the backward, uninteresting, wrong-doing child. We can all sympathize to some extent with men and women, but how few can go back to the sympathies of children, can understand the desolate insignificance of not being one of the grown-up people—of being sent to bed out of the way in the evening, and to school to be out of the way in the morning—of manifold similar grievances, which the child has no eloquence to set forth, and the grown person no imagination to conceive.

When I was seven years old, I was told one morning with considerable domestic acclamation that Aunt Mary was coming to make us a visit; and so when the carriage drove up to the door I pulled off my dirty apron and ran in among the heap of brothers and sisters to see what was coming.

I shall not describe her first appearance, for as I think of her I begin to grow sentimental in spite of my spectacles, and might perhaps talk a little nonsense.

Perhaps every man, whether married or single, who has lived to the age of fifty or thereabouts, has seen some woman, who in his mind, is the woman, in distinction from all others. She may not have been a wife. She may not have been a relative. She may have simply shone upon him from afar. She may be remembered in the distance of years as a star that has set—as music that is hushed—as beauty and loveliness faded forever—but remembered she is with interest, with fervor, with enthusiasm, with all that heart can feel and more than words can tell. To me there has been but one such, and that is she whom I describe. "Was she beautiful?" you ask. I also will ask you one question. If an angel from heaven should dwell in any human form and animate any human face, would not that face and form be lovely? She was not beautiful except after this fashion. How well I remember her as she used sometimes to sit thinking with her head resting on her hand—her face mild and placid with a quiet October sunshine in her blue eyes, and an ever present smile upon her whole countenance. I remember the sudden sweetness of her look when any one spoke to her—the prompt attention—the quiet comprehension of things before you uttered them—the obliging readiness to leave whatever she was doing for you.

To those who mistake occasional pensiveness for melancholy, it might seem strange to say, my Aunt Mary was always happy. Yet she was so—her spirit never rose to buoyancy and never sunk to despondency; and I know, in the sentimental confession of faith, that such a character cannot be interesting. For this impression there is some ground. The placidity of a medium common place mind is uninteresting, but the placidity of a strong and well governed one borders on the sublime, mutability of emotion characterizes inferior orders of beings—but He who combines all interest—all excitement—all perfection, is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." And if there be any thing sublime in the idea of an almighty mind in perfect peace with itself, and therefore at leisure to bestow all its energies on the wants of others, there is at least a reflection of the same sublimity in the character of that human being who has so quitted and governed the world within, that they have nothing to absorb sympathy or distract attention from those around: Such a woman was my Aunt Mary. Her placidity was not so much the result of temperament as of choice. She had every susceptibility of suffer-

ing incident to the noblest and most delicate construction of mind; but they had been so directed, that instead of concentrating thought on self, they had prepared her to understand and feel for others. She was beyond all things else a sympathetic person; and her character, like the green in a landscape, less remarkable for what it was in itself than for its beautiful harmony, with all the coloring and shading around it. Other women have been talented—others have been good, but no woman that I ever knew possessed goodness and talent in union with such an intuitive perception of feelings, and such an instantaneous adaptation to them.

The most troublesome thing in the world, is to be condemned to the society of a person who can never understand a thing unless you say the whole of it; making your commas and periods as you go along; and the most desirable thing is to live with a person who saves you all the trouble of talking by knowing just what you mean to say before you begin. Something of this kind of talent I began to feel to my great relief when Aunt Mary came into the family. I remember the very first evening as she sat by the hearth, surrounded by all the circle, her eye glanced on me with an expression that let me know she saw me; and when the clock struck eight, and my mother proclaimed it to be my bed time, and my countenance fell as I moved sorrowfully from the back of her rocking chair, and thought how many beautiful stories Aunt Mary would tell after I was gone to bed, she turned towards me with such a look of real understanding, such an evident insight into the case, that I went into banishment with a lighter heart than I ever did before.

How very contrary is the obstinate estimate of the heart, to the rational estimate of worldly wisdom. Are there not some who can remember when one word, one look, or even the withholding of a word has drawn the heart more to a person than all the substantial favors in the world? Before Aunt Mary had lived with us a month, I loved her more than any body in the world; and a utilitarian would have been amazed in ciphering out the amount of favor which produced the result. It was a word—a look—a smile—it was that she seemed pleased with my new kite—that she rejoiced with me when I learned to spin a top—that she appeared to appreciate my proficiency in playing ball and marbles—that she never looked at all vexed when I upset her work box, and received all my awkward gallantry and maladroitness helplessly, as if it had been in the best taste in the world—that when she was sick, she insisted upon letting me wait upon her, though I made my customary havoc among the pithers and tumbler of her room, and displayed through my zeal to please a more than ordinary sufficiency for my station. She also was the only person I ever conversed with; and I used to wonder how any body who could talk about matters and things with the grown-up folks—could talk so sensibly about marbles and tops, and hoops, skates, and all sorts of little boyish matters. I will say, by the by, that the same speculation has often occurred to older people concerning her. She knew the value of varied information in making a woman—not a pedant, but a sympathetic, companionable being—and such she was to every class of mind. She had, too, the faculty of drawing others into the level of conversation, so that I would often find myself going on in most profound style, and would wonder whether I was a little boy still.

When she had enlightened me for many months, the time came for her to leave, and she bade my mother to give me to her for company. All the family wondered what she could find to like in Henry, but if she did like me, it was no matter, and so I was allowed to go. From that time I lived with her; and there are some persons who can make the word "live" signify much more than it commonly does;—and she wrought upon my character all those miracles which a benevolent genius can work. She quieted my heart, directed my feelings, unfolded my mind, and educated me, not harshly or by force, but as the sun educates the flower into full and perfect life; and when all that was mortal of her died to the world, her words and deeds of unalterable love shed a twilight around her memory, which will fade only in the brightness of Heaven.

Speak Evil of no Man.

A common way of slander is by rehearsing stories, whether true or false, respecting other persons. But another way, and perhaps not less committing the same fault, is by listening to such stories. This, perhaps, is not, at first view, so obvious a case of its violation of the precept, yet it is a violation of the spirit, and is really slander. It deserves no milder name. The listening to a slanderous report may be as effectual in perpetuating the evil as the rehearsal. The case deserves consideration; and let us not dismiss it without distinctly perceiving it. Your neighbor comes in, with her usual spirit of gossiping, to gratify you with the news and to be gratified in turn. She tells you a story about some absent person, which somebody has told her; and which goes very much to disparage the character of the person to whom it relates. You know not whether it be true or false. Nor does she who is telling you. She has heard some one say so; who heard it from some one, who heard that some one else had so reported. Or it is true to the letter; it may be truth which ought not to be made public; some fault or foible or misfortune, the exposure of which will produce no good but much evil. But you appear evidently pleased to hear it related; at least you express no disapprobation. It would seem impolite to question the truth of it, when your friend is so confident of its truth; or to show your unwillingness to hear, when she takes so much pleasure in relating it; and so

you keep silence; and she runs on; and sets off with some additional embellishments; and feels encouraged by your silence, and willing reception of it, to tell it to others. And thus you are the direct occasion of perpetuating the evil.

Nor should you, as I have intimated above, regard it as any apology for the course you have taken, that you suspect or are even certain that the story is true; unless some important good is to come from its being made known—unless it be something which ought not to be concealed, and which the public good requires to be exposed. If it be only some petty foible of another, or misfortune, which affects no one but himself, its being true is no sufficient reason for its being published, or for you to aid in giving it circulation. Unpleasant as the task may be it is your duty in such a case, modestly but decidedly to discountenance such a spirit of tattling; and thus to do what you can to prevent the extension of the evil. Where there is no wood, the fire goeth out; so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth. And there would be no tale-bearers, if there were not ears ready to hear them.

There are many other methods of slander which will be readily suggested from their similarity to those already enumerated. He is guilty of slander who makes sly insinuations respecting another—hinting that he knows something bad about him. If there is any thing bad about him, which the public are concerned to know, it is his duty to divulge it. If there is nothing bad about him, or nothing which ought to be exposed, he certainly is far from acting an honorable part, who is raising suspicions by his modest insinuations. Mark that man, and give him not your confidence. He will treat you in the same manner whenever he is prompted to do it by humor or self-interest.

He is guilty of slander who designedly perverts another's words from their true meaning, and thereby does him an injury. No honorable man will allow himself to do it.

He is guilty of the same fault who gives only a partial representation of what another has said—leaving out of view something which is very essential to give a correct understanding of the affair. A man must feel conscious of a want of integrity who will allow himself to do it. He is guilty of slander who by any means wantonly or needlessly, makes a representation of another to his disadvantage. It matters not how he accomplishes the object, whether by actions, or looks, or words, or silence. If by any means, he wantonly or needlessly makes a representation respecting another, which impairs his reputation, or injures his business, or diminishes his happiness he is a slanderer in the judgment of an intelligent and virtuous community; he is a slanderer in the judgment of God.

SHUT THE DOOR.

At this season of the year, it may not be out of place to make a few remarks on this subject. It is well known that much inconvenience, as well as great mischief, frequently result from what are considered trifling errors. And although we cannot now refer to a case where any very serious evil has been caused by neglecting to comply with the advice urged in the caption to this paragraph, yet it cannot be denied, that from this neglect, has resulted much inconvenience and vexation. How many ebullitions of temper, hard scoldings, violent, and in some instances, profane sentences, might be prevented, if one and all, would remember during the cold season of the year to shut the door. How much irritation, and vexation, and peevishness and ill humor, attention to this apparently trifling omission would prevent. After all, it is of no trifling matter on a day when the thermometer stands sundry degrees below the freezing point, to have one's door left open, especially when it communicates with the wide world. More cold is thus admitted in five minutes, than can be expelled in two hours—and there is thus a heavy draft on our temper and our fuel—we have even heard it doubted whether a person can be a good citizen, or an honest man or woman, who is habitually guilty of neglecting to shut the door. At all events, it is a breach of good manners. Reader, while you live, remember, when the chill and bleak winds of autumn or winter are howling around, TO SHUT THE DOOR.

[Boston Mercantile Journal.]

GREAT SURGICAL OPERATION.—Some have contended that a Whale is not a fish. Perhaps the creatures are not—any way they have a devilish fishy look. This, however, concerns not the story which we are about relating, and we will content ourselves with sticking to facts and leave the "previous question" to be settled by naturalists or members of Congress, it matters not much which—Last summer, during the session of one of the Courts in this place, a Whale was taken about a mile from Port Point towed up to town, and hauled to the Railway, where he was exhibited by his captors, "at 25 cents a peep—children half price—for particular see bills, &c."—It was a rare chance for members of the Court, and judges, jurors, shavers and shaves were at once admitted, by forcing over the ready. Among the rest was a real green 'un, (we believe he was a Judge, at all events he should have been,) who had never seen any thing of the like bigger than a pickerel, or perchance a salmon trout. The instant he set his goosberries on the "critter" his head flew open like the rock in the "Forty Thieves," at the magic "open sesame," and so sudden and efficient was the expansion, that he dislocated his jaws! Here was a sad pickle. What to do the poor devil knew not. Some one told him to run for a doctor and off he started like mad—hat off—mouth open, hair streaming, and

eyes "in fine frensy wildly rolling," he seemed the incarnate demon of Bedlam brooke loose. In this plight he was met by a sailor, about half and half, who bracing himself in the path bawled out—"Mister, yer head's off!"

"Yaw, yaw, yaw!"

"Blast your buttons! none o'yer yawing here—stop that, or I'll hit you a lug!"

"Yaw—yaw—yaw—yaw!"

"Shiver my timbers! take that!"—and suiting the action to the word, he hit the poor devil a crack under his chin that sent his jaws together a "caution" quicker than a Philadelphia dandy can swallow a mint julep. It is needless to add that *sharkee* was grateful for the *love-pat* although he lost two teeth in the operation.

NOVEL SPECULATION.—The N. Y. Sun states that a pretty young woman, named Catherine Slocum, living in Houston Street, a few days since appeared at the office of the Commissioners of the Alms House, with an infant about five months old, and applied for a legal process against a very deserving young man, in the printing office of the Harpers, who she swore was the father of the infant, hoping that he should be compelled the expense of the child's maintenance. On Saturday agreeably to appointment, the case was tried by the public magistrate. The case, after Catherine had stated her testimony, looked very promising for herself, and very dubious for the young printer, when lo! by a single witness and documents which he produced, he proved that the wiley Catherine was receiving a sufficient stipend from a young man in Brooklyn, and also weekly allowance of three dollars from another individual whom she had originally charged with the paternity of her child, and who voluntarily settled upon her \$150 a year, and paid it regularly. The magistrates, much amused and surprised, dismissed her and her complaint after bestowing upon her a reprimand.

EXAMINATION OF A WITNESS.

Judge.—What is your business, sir? What do you follow for a livelihood?

Wit.—Nothing particular.

Judge.—You do not appear to be a man of property—how do you get your bread?

Wit.—I sometimes get it of Mr. Humbert the baker, sir—and sometimes—

Judge.—Stop, sir. Understand my question. How do you support yourself?

Wit.—On a chair, sir, in the day time; on a bed at night.

Judge.—I don't sit here to trifle. Are you a mechanic?

Wit.—No sir.

Judge.—What are you then?

Wit.—A Presbyterian, sir.

Judge.—If you do not answer me, I will have you taken care of.

Wit.—I would thank your honor to do so;—for the times are so hard that I cannot take care of myself.

Judge.—You work around the wharves I suppose.

Wit.—No sir—you can't get around them without a boat, and I don't own one.

Judge.—I believe you are an idle vagabond.

Wit.—Your honor is very slow of belief, or you would have found that out before.

Judge.—What do you know of the case now before the court?

Wit.—Nothing, sir.

Judge.—Then why do you stand there?

Wit.—Because I have no chair to sit on.

Judge.—Go about your business.—Galaxy.

THE SCOTSMAN'S CALL. A young clergyman in Scotland, being about to quit the scene of his orthodox labor for another settlement, called on an old lady belonging to his congregation to say farewell and to thank her for the kindness he had experienced from her.

"And sue yere gann to leave us," said the old lady. "Weel, I wish ye God's blessing. Ye've been a sober, staid, discreet young man, and I nae ye'll hae your reward. And where are you about to settle?" "The Lord has called me to labor in a distant part of the vineyard," replied the clergyman—"I have got the parish of—"

"Aye," said the lady, "and may be ye'll get a little mair stipended whar yere gann?"

"Why, yes, I expect a small increase, in emolument, certainly."

"Atweel, I thought so," retorted the old dame; "if it had not been the case, the Lord might hae called lang and loud enough before you would have heard his voice."

FEMALE DRESS.—The dress of women (among us) is undoubtedly the cause of their bad health—consumption, &c.; but as they prefer death to wearing thick slippers and warm stockings, and leaving off tight corsets, there is no hope of reforming them.

UNSATURDAY'S SUBSTITUTION.

MISS DAY, South Paris (Cape) respectfully informs her friends and customers that she has just received from Portland, her

FALL FASHIONS.

With a variety of fashionable and elegant styles. She invites the ladies to call and examine for themselves.

Wanted—THREE or FOUR YOUNG LADIES as apprentices to the above business.

Sept. 3, 1836. 3m

Assignees' Notice.

THE Creditors of Benjamin D. Smith of Newry, in the county of Oxford, are hereby notified that the said Benjamin died on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1836, assign to the subscribers all his property of every name and nature for the benefit of his several creditors; and that we have taken upon us the trust; and the creditors have an opportunity to become parties to the assignment any time within three months from the above date

STEPHEN BARTLETT.

ELIJAH POWERS.

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